

CIGARETTE PAPERS.
By JOSEPH HATTON.

The Degeneration of the Mutton Chop.

Hardly a reader, rolling a cigarette after dinner, that will not recall the one serious illness of his life, when, having passed through a course of "slops and sitch," he suddenly developed an appetite, and in response to the question what he would like, replied, with a longing glance at the nurse, "I should like a chop." No surer sign of recovery than this; nor, in good form, any surer sign of a healthy mind in a healthy body. When the Prince of Wales emerged from the shadow of the valley into the day-light, you will remember (having undergone the stress and peril that Maidstone is coming through) he asked for a glass of porter. The report of it won him all the English hearts that were not already his, and everybody thought of his British instinct on the day when he went with his royal mother to thank God at St. Paul's. There is no finer accompaniment to a chop than a glass of porter, and you want no coffee afterwards. My friend Mr. Spencer urges that chops and porter are not at their best unless fresh steaks are not at their best unless cut from loin or rump, just before being placed on the gridiron. The longer a raw cut chop is kept the more its virtue is lost. He is strongly opposed to ready-cut portions being sent from the butchers. At restaurants there should be a man cutting chops as they are ordered. Instead, however, of more attention being paid to the chop than formerly, the national dish is degenerating. It is the fashion for a man to write "Come and have a chop," and, instead, to provide you with a luncheon in the programme of which the chop is prominent by its absence. The chops of Evans's, the Cock, and the Albion, large, rich, generous, are represented in these days by attenuated cutlets, thin, bony and delicate. Now, America has little or no mutton worth eating, but New York occasionally gives you a far better chop than London. Some of the great restaurants obtain their supplies of mutton for this purpose direct from the English metropolis. Their steaks have long since been unrivaled; they cut them as the English used to cut them in the old days, and call them Porter House steaks, from an old tavern on the Thames. At a certain famous London club they are called Garrick steaks. They are simply cut from the loin of an ox after the manner of the mutton chop; but they are the best, the most succulent, and the most tender form of the beef steak.

The Chief Topic of Conversation.

There was an eccentric, rich, and generous old Yankee who used to come to London every year (I knew him well) for the express purpose, as he told me, of eating mutton chops and riding in hansom cabs. He need come no longer for that. The chop is known in New York, and the hansom is gradually getting acclimated in all the American cities. If you are an epicure it would be worth your while to go over to America in the autumn for the purpose of eating oysters, terrine soup, and canavas duck. There are not many epicures now. Medical science has laid its hand upon dainties and forbidden champagne. The wine of the festival is voted the very opposite from the elixir of life. Everybody seems to be on a dietary régime. "What to eat, drink, and avoid" is the chief topic of conversation. It used to be women who were supposed to be always comparing notes as to their physical condition. The men now appear to have hardly any other topic. It has beaten the weather hollow. I doubt, however, if Dr. Salisbury himself is the gentleman who prescribes beef steak and hot water could have resisted the stow they provided at the Jolly Sandbowl in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Do you remember it? The mere reading of the passage, my "Cakes and Ale" friend protests, has caused much more smacking of lips than the most expensive savoury menu ever invented. "It's a stow of tripe," said the landlord, smacking his lips, "and cow-heel," smacking them again, "and steak," smacking them for the fourth time, "and peas, and cauliflower, new potatoes, and sparow grass, all working up together in one delicious gravy. Having come to the climax he smacked his lips again a great many times, and taking a long hearty sniff of the fragrance he was hovering over, he put on the cover again with the air of one whose toils on earth are over." Spencer says Dickens forgot the onions and a modicum of old ale for "body." What about a slice or two of veal? not to mention a kidney? But who has ever tried his hand at the art beloved of Savarin, Sala, and Soyer could not elaborate that savoury stew?

How to Prophesy.

It is easy to be a prophet. But don't name a date for the end of the world within your own span of life. Leave posterity to wrestle with it. An old lady who realised her worldly goods, at a serious discount, by reason of a forecast of the finish of all things a year ago, is going to sue the pre-gnomic forecaster. On the other hand, it was mentioned last week that a prophet who had fixed a later date for the same event has recently renewed the lease of his house for a still more prolonged period. Take the law of averages, and you may win quite a reputation for lifting the curtain of the future, if you take little trouble. In spite of strong prognostications to the contrary, I told you a month ago that October would be fine, with a touch of Indian summer in it. The sun has been shining ever since. With an unsettled August, and a wet, windy, and cold September, it "stood to reason" that October would be all that we could desire. Once upon a time, without knowing anything more about a certain great horse race than the most ordinary newspaper reader, I "spotted" the first, second, and third in a big field. It was in this way. "Our sporting editor and prophet" was taken suddenly ill. The paper was almost waiting to go to press when it was discovered that the "tips" for the next day's races were wanting. Taking careful note of the betting, glancing over the pedigrees of the runners, and having due regard to the reputations of the several jockeys, I outlined every "tip" the paper had ever printed. It was not quite a fluke; the public gives the tipster his best guide in the way it bets. "Our prophet" got well, and lived for years on the credit of the triple tip which he had not tipped at all. And this brings me to "Old Moore's Almanac for 1898," which is edging its way

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Questions requiring to be answered the same week must reach the office by Tuesday morning. We do not give opinions on legal documents, or on formal documents to solve costly problems, or to deal with voluminous questions, or to instruct in any matter of general interest. We do not give advice on whether of course, or other property, are safe to give. Letters should be written in full, with a postscript, and a stamp of 1d. is required.

The Veil of 1898 Lifted.
"Old Moore" commits himself a little more closely to dates and details than is customary with this hoary compiler of coming events. Colonial penny postage to be established in February—a very readable shot that! It is illustrated by the line on one side of the sea, the kangaroo on the other, and a penny letter flying from the latter to the expectant animal whose tail our American friends pull at election times, and certain of our Irish friends whenever he lets them. If the prophet's programme for January turns out to be correct, Government will have enough to do without troubling themselves with questions of postage; for in the first blush of the New Year (as French fées will threaten) one of our great coining stations, soldiers will be enlisted in unusual numbers; and a lot more money will be granted by the people for warlike purposes.

Towards the close of the month a farcical of considerable dimensions will spring up, resulting in broken heads and limbs, and the weather will be "bitterly cold." For my own part, as a bit of a prophet, I believe it will be muddy and what they call unhealthy weather; the sort that makes fat chayllyard. We shall see. It is nevertheless pretty safe to predict "cold weather" in the midst of winter. In February, notwithstanding the new Colonial postage, "the Stock Markets will be almost lifeless, and there will be no dealings at all in 'wild cats.'" Then wild cats will be at a discount; rather sad for wild cats; not more so than for bulls and bears; but fortunately in South Africa "things will be apt to improve," though "property in this grand country will not be on a firm basis until England makes herself the supreme Power." A deuce of a month altogether next February will be! Perhaps one had better go abroad. The anti-vaccinationists will break out again into revolt, and Channel foge will bring about collision and loss of life; and the only happy credit on the right side of the ledger is to be the Colonial penny post! Mr. Henniker-Heaton is not quite so sanguine as Old Moore. The Colonial boon will come, but not in February.

Beware of the Ideas of March.
Poor Old Moore! He is going to be disgraced for ever in March next. We know that there is no bad whisky. Some whisky, however, is better than others. Sandy must have been treating Old Moore to some that is worse. It can only be a personal matter, the forecast of the abolition of the kilt. It is easy to conceive of an ordinary person firing off a malediction against both kilt and bagpipe under the influence of that kind of whisky that is not gracious to the trained palate; but Old Moore ought to be above suspicion of spleen or spite. And yet he has the audacity to predict the abolition of the kilt and actually to name the month when it shall be seen no more in the British Army. They no longer collect unorthodox books in Scotland and have them burned by the common hangman; or it would as surely go hard with Mr. Star-gazing Moore. In the month of March next he says every Highland regiment will be ordered to wear trousers. The prophet gloats over his impudent prognostication and actually makes a picture of it. An English general in cocked hat and feathers is ordering an army of three Highlanders to don their kilts and put on the breeks. In the background women are weeping and wailing. No, the Prophet Moore is never humorous. He knows how often farce drifts into tragedy. It would be unfair to reveal more of the future that Old Moore has laid open to the world, taking their mother's share.

Querents.—Much depends on the conditions of the case.

C. W. H.—Question inadmissible; see rules.

M. H.——You may not receive the articles. 2. Inquire at Inland Revenue Office.

M. H.—Everything depends on the wordings of the bet.

C. W. R.—As she is a minor, she cannot be compelled to pay the balance.

FLEX.—If they were given to her as a free gift, they cannot be claimed.

M. A.—Submit all deeds &c., connected with the matter to counsel, and obtain his opinion.

HONESTAD.—The right of way must not be blocked.

J. B.—Write to his commanding officer.

J. BARRETT.—They can, and we, hope, they will; there is no close time for vaccination.

EDWARD INGRAM.—Not possible.

HAWK.—Take out an affiliation order at once; there is no other way.

C. W. H.—The exception applies only to their professional arms.

PEPPERMEX.—As personal property.

E. C.—Question inadmissible; see rules.

M. H.——You may not receive the articles. 2. Inquire at Inland Revenue Office.

THOROLD.—The order having been made, non-compliance will involve risk of imprisonment for contempt.

JAMES.—It would be sufficient to have a reconvocation made.

J. LEX.—Not entitled to interest.

C. H.—The balance is still owing. One question, one answer.

C. B. G.—All the effects of the deceased should be left to the wife, unless the will specifies otherwise.

J. B. E.—Employ a solicitor to initiate proceedings. Cost cannot be estimated.

LEGATE.—Half to wife, the rest equally between brother and deceased sister's children, the latter taking their mother's share.

QUEEN.—Music, &c., are the conditions of the case.

C. M. B.—Question inadmissible; see rules.

STAN.—He can.

FARIX.—Apply daily to the hair and its roots, as a hair-oil, some of this solution: Acid carbolic, 1 part; sp. vini rect, 1 part; olei olive, 32 parts. See that the brush and comb be used for you only; take a liberal diet and live well; wash the scalp with warm water, twice a week; bathe with warm water, using sulphur skin soap; dry well. Let us know the result of this treatment.

A. B. C.—Represent the case to the magistrate who made the order.

W. W. T.—Impossible to say, without seeing the will.

G. B.—The only chance would lie through the county court.

K.—They would be entitled to two-thirds of his personal estate.

CORPORAL.—You would have to obtain a license in the ordinary way.

G. C.—There is nothing to prevent its sale unless entailed.

AXIOUS (A. W. B.)—She is only entitled to one-third of the personal property.

CHROM.—Yes.

J. WENDALE.—It would be a wholly unnecessary proceeding unless expressly allowed by the will.

S. S.—A very doubtful case; she would have to prove that the furniture was merely lent, not given.

CAVALLY.—Originally you were not liable, but you have accepted responsibility by the payment on account.

INTERESTER.—You are sufficiently safe.

MAROONAGE.—You are entitled to the title and the receipt.

ANXIOUS (P.)—Not possible, but you might bring the officer into court for defamation of character.

PRINCE.—The other next-of-kin would be the wife.

W. S. W.—Use some of this solution: Acid carbolic, 1 part; sp. vini rect, 1 part; olei olive, 32 parts. See that the brush and comb be used for you only; take a liberal diet and live well; wash the scalp with warm water, twice a week; bathe with warm water, using sulphur skin soap; dry well. Let us know the result of this treatment.

RUNAL.—Take a Turkish bath once a week.

ALICE.—As for "Fle.".

W. S. W.—Use some of this solution: Acid carbolic, 1 part; sp. vini rect, 2 or 3 times a day; Acid carbolic, 1 part; water, 100 parts. Apply each night at bed-time to the lids only a small quantity of this ointment: Osei ruci, 1 drachm; hydroz ammon chlor, 4 grains; ceri galen, 4 drachms. Take 1 drachm of the sfr ferri quinii et strichin phosphat twice a day after food in 2 ounces of water. If not better, 10 days consult a skilful oculist.

W. H.—Can be given any syrup.

W. H.—Take it alone; all dyes are injurious if used for any length of time.

F. LATTON.—Wear during the day a well-fitting elastic belt; have the abdominal region well massaged daily, and take 1 tablespoonful of this medicine in 4 oz. water after each meal. Acid carbolic, 1 part; water, 100 parts. Apply each night at bed-time to the lids only a small quantity of this ointment: Osei ruci, 1 drachm; hydroz ammon chlor, 4 grains; ceri galen, 4 drachms. Take 1 drachm of the sfr ferri quinii et strichin phosphat twice a day after food in 2 ounces of water. If not better, 10 days consult a skilful oculist.

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PARIS.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

(TRANSLATED BY ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.)

BOOK I.

I.—THE PRIEST AND THE POOR.
One morning, towards the end of January, Abbé Pierre Froment, who had a mass to say at the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, was on the height, in front of the basilica, as early as eight o'clock. And before going in he gazed for a moment upon the immensity of Paris spread out before him.

After two months of bitter cold, ice, and snow, the city was steeped in a mournful, quivering thaw. From the far-spreading, leaden-hued heavens a thick mist fell like a mourning shroud. All the eastern portion of the city, the abodes of misery and toil, seemed submerged beneath ruddy steam, amid which the panting of workshops and factories could be detected; while westwards, towards the districts of wealth and enjoyment, the fog broke and lightened, becoming but a fine and motionless veil of vapour. The curved line of the horizon could scarcely be divined, the expanse of houses, which nothing bounded, appeared like a chaos of stone, addled with stagnant pools, which filled the hollows with pale steams; whilst against them the summits of the buildings, the house-tops of the loftier streets, showed black like soot. It was a Paris mystery, shrouded by clouds, buried as it were beneath the ashes of some disaster, already half-sunken in the suffering and the shame of that which its immensity concealed.

Thin and sombre in his flimsy cassock, Pierre was looking on when Abbé Rose, who seemed to have sheltered himself behind a pillar of the porch on purpose to watch for him, came forward: "Ah! it's you at last, my dear friend," said he, "I have something to ask you."

He seemed embarrassed and anxious, and glanced round to make sure that nobody was near. Then, as if the solitude thereabouts did not suffice to reassure him, he led Pierre some distance away, through the biting wind, which he himself did not seem to feel. "Here is the matter," he resumed, "I have been told that a poor fellow, a former house-painter, an old man of seventy, who naturally can work no more, is dying of hunger in a hotel in the Rue des Saules. So, my dear fellow, I thought of you. I thought you would consent to take him these three francs from me, so that he may at least have some bread to eat for a few days."

"But why don't you take him yourself?"

At this Abbé Rose again grew anxious, and cast frightened glances about him. "Oh, no!" he said, "I can no longer do that after all the worries that have befallen me. You know that I am watched, and should get another scolding if I were caught giving alms like this, scarcely knowing to whom I give them. It is true I had to sell something to get these three francs. But render me this service, I pray you."

Pierre, with heart oppressed, stood contemplating the old priest, whose locks were quite white, whose full lips spoke of infinite kindness, and whose eyes shone clear and child-like in his round and smiling face. And he bitterly recalled the story of that lover of the poor, whose little ground-floor of the Rue de Charonne, which he had turned into a refuge where he offered shelter to all the wretchedness of the streets, had ended by giving cause for scandal. His naïveté and innocence had been abused; and abominable things had gone on under his roof without his knowledge. Vice had turned the asylum into a meeting place; and one night the police had descended upon it to arrest a young girl accused of infanticide. Greatly concerned by this scandal, the diocesan authorities had forced Abbé Rose to close his shelter, and had removed him from the church of St. Marguerite to that of St. Pierre of Montmartre, where he now again acted as curate. Truth to tell, it was not a disgrace but a removal to another spot. However, he had been scolded and was watched as he said; and he as much ashamed of it, and very unhappy at being only able to give alms by stealth."

Pierre took the three francs. "I promise to execute your commission, my friend, with all my heart," he said. "You will go after your mass, won't you? His name is Laveuve, he lives in the Rue des Saules in a house with the courtyard, just before reaching the Rue Marcatet. You are sure to find it. And if you want to be very kind you will tell me of your visit this evening at five o'clock, at the Madeleine, where I am going to hear Monseigneur Martha's address. He has been so good to me! Won't you also come to hear him?"

Pierre made a doubtful gesture. Monseigneur Martha, Bishop of Perpignan and all powerful at the archiepiscopal palace, since he had been devoting himself to increasing the subscriptions for the basilica of the Sacred Heart, had indeed supported Abbé Rose; in fact, it was by his influence that the Abbé had been kept in Paris, and placed once more at St. Pierre de Montmartre. "I don't know if I shall be able to hear the address," said Pierre, "but in any case I will go there to meet you."

The north wind was blowing, and the gloomy cold penetrated both of them on that deserted summit amidst the fog. However, some footsteps were heard, and Abbé Rose, again mischievous, saw a man go by, a tall and sturdy man, who wore cloaks and was bareheaded, showing his thick and closely cut white hair. "Is not that your brother?" asked the old priest.

Pierre had not stirred. "Yes, it is my brother Guillaume," he quietly responded. "He owns a house close by, where he has been living for more than twenty years, I think. When we meet we shake hands, but I have never been to his house. Oh! all is quite dead between us, we have nothing more in common, we are parted by worlds."

Abbé Rose's tender smile again appeared, and he waved his hand as if to say that one must never despair of love. Guillaume Froment, a savant of lofty intelligence, a chemist, who lived apart from others, was now a pensioner of the Abbé's, and when the latter passed the house where Guillaume lived with his three sons

a house all alive with work—he must often have dreamt of leading him back to religion.

"But, my dear friend," he resumed, "I am keeping you here in this dark cold, and you are not warm. Go and say your mass. Till this evening, at the Madeleine." Then, in entreating fashion, after again making sure that none could hear him, he added, still with the air of a child at fault: "And not a word to anybody about my little commission—it would again be said that I don't know how to conduct myself."

Pierre watched the old priest as he went on towards the Rue Cartot, where he lived on a damp ground-floor, enlivened by a strip of garden. The veil of disaster, which was submerging Paris, now seemed to grow thicker under the gusts of the icy north wind. And at last Pierre entered the basilica, his heart upset by the recollection of Abbé Rose's story—that bankruptcy of charity, the frightful irony of a holy man punished for bestowing alms, and hiding himself that he might still continue to bestow them.

At that early hour the masses of entertainment had already been said at several altars, under the grey light falling from the high and narrow windows, and tapers were burning in the depths of the apse. So Pierre made haste to go to the sacristy, there to assume his vestments in order that he might say his mass in the chapel of St. Vincent de Paul. But the floodgates of memory had been opened, and he had no thought but for his own distress whilst in mechanical fashion, he expected the customary rites. Since his return from Rome three years previously, he had been living in the very worst anguish that can fall on man. At the outset, in order to recover his lost faith, he had essayed a first experiment: he had gone to Lourdes, there to seek the innocent belief of the child who kneels and prays; but he had relapsed yet more than ever in presence of what he had witnessed at Lourdes: that glorification of the absurd, that collapse of common sense, and was convinced that salvation, the peace of men and nations nowadays, could not lie in such puerile relinquishment of reason. And afterwards he had staked his final peace on a second experiment, and had gone to Rome to see if Catholicism could there be renewed, could revert to the spirit of primitive Christianity and become the faith which the modern world, upreaving and in danger of death, was awaiting in order to calm down and live. But he had found there nought but ruins, the rotted trunk of a tree that could never reach another springtide. Then it was, that, relapsing into negligence, he had been recalled to Paris by Abbé Rose, in the name of their poor, and had returned thither that he might forget and immolate himself and believe in them the poor—since they and their frightful sufferings alone remained certain. And then it was too, that he came into contact with that very negation of goodness itself; charity a derision, charity useless and flouted.

Those three years had been lived by Pierre amidst ever growing torments, in which his whole being had ended by sinking. He denied everything, he anticipated nothing but revolt, massacre and conflagration, which would sweep away a guilty and condemned world. Nevertheless this despairing, denying priest retained such a lofty and grave demeanour, perfumed by such pure kindness, that in his parish of Neuilly he had acquired the reputation of being a young saint, one beloved by Providence, whose prayers wrought miracles. Grief-stricken weeping women worshipped him and kissed his cassock; and it was a tortured mother whose infant was in danger of death, who had implored him to come and ask that infant's cure of Providence, certain as she felt that she would be granted the boon in that sanctuary of Montmartre where blazed the prodigy of the Sacred Heart, all burning with love.

Clad in his vestments, Pierre had reached the Chapel of St. Vincent de Paul. He there ascended the altar-step and began the mass; and when he turned round with hands spread out to bless the worshippers, he showed his hollow cheeks, his gentle mouth contracted by bitterness, his loving eyes darkened by suffering. The two hereditary influences ever at strife within him—that of his father, to whom he owed his towering brow, that of his mother who had given him his love-thirsting lips, were still waging war, the whole battle of sentiment and reason, in that ravaged face of his, whether in moments of forgetfulness ascended all the chaos of internal suffering. But he stiffened himself, hid the horror of the void in which he struggled, and showed himself superb, making each gesture, repeating each word in sovereign fashion. And the mother who was there among the few kneeling women, the mother who awaited a supreme intercession from him, beheld him radiant with angelic beauty like some messenger of the divine grace.

When, after the offertory, Pierre uncovered the chalice he felt contempt for himself. What puerility there had been in his two experiments at Lourdes and Rome! To have imagined that present-day science would in his person accommodate itself to the faith of the year One Thousand, and in particular to have foolishly believed that her petty priest that he was, would be able to indoctrinate the Pope and prevail on him to become a saint, and change the face of the world! It all filled him with shame: how people must have laughed at him! Then, too, his idea of a schism made him blush. A schism? He had known in Paris an abbé of great heart and mind who had attempted to bring about that famous, predicted, awaited schism! Ah! the poor man, the sad and ludicrous labourer in the midst of universal incredulity, the icy indifference of some, the mockery and the reviling of others! A schism cannot succeed among a people that no longer believes that has ceased to take all interest in the Church, and set its hope elsewhere. And this conviction increased Pierre's torment on the days when his cassock weighed more heavily on his shoulders, when he ended by feeling contempt for himself at thus celebrating the divine mystery of the mass, which for him had become but a dead formula.

But a woman was coming in, carrying three potatoes in her apron, and on being questioned by him she gazed distrustfully at his cassock. "Laveuve, I can't say," she replied. "If the doorkeeper were there she might be able to tell you. There are five staircases, and we don't all know each other. Besides, there are so many changes. Still, try over there; at the far end."

The staircase at the back of the

yard was yet more abominable than the others, its steps warped, and its walls slimy. At each successively floor the drain-sinks exhaled a pestilential stench, whilst from every lodging came moans, or a noise of quarrelling, or some frightful sign of misery. A door swung open, and a man appeared dragging a woman by the hair whilst three youngsters sobbed aloud. On the next floor, Pierre caught a glimpse of a room where a young girl, racked by coughing, was hastily carrying an infant to and fro to quiet it, in despair lest all the milk of her breast should be exhausted. Then, in an adjoining lodging, came the poignant spectacle of three beings, half-clad in shreds, who, amidst the dire bareness of their room, were glutonously eating from the same earthenware potage which even dogs would have refused. They barely raised their heads to growl, and did not answer Pierre's questions.

He was about to go down again, when right atop of the stairs, at the entry of a passage, it occurred to him to make a last try by knocking at a door. It was opened by a woman whose uncombed hair was already getting grey, though she could not be more than forty; while her pale lips, and dim eyes set in a yellow countenance, expressed utter lassitude. The sight of Pierre's cassock disturbed her, and she stammered anxiously: "Come in, come in, Monsieur l'abbé."

However, a man whom Pierre had not at first seen—a workman also of some forty years, tall, thin, and bald, with scanty moustache and beard of a washed-out reddish hue—made an angry gesture, a threat as it were to turn the priest out of doors. But he calmed himself, sat down near a rickety table and pretended to turn his back. And as there was also a child present—a fair-haired girl, eleven or twelve years old, with a long and gentle face and that intelligent and somewhat aged expression which great misery imparts to children—he called her to him and held her between his knees, doubtless to keep her away from the man in the cassock.

Pierre, whose heart was oppressed by his reception, and who realized the utter destitution of the family, decided all the same to repeat his question: "Madame, do you know an old workman named Laveuve in the house?"

The woman—who now trembled at having admitted him, since it seemed to displease her man—timidly tried to arrange matters. "Laveuve, no, I don't. But Salvat, you hear? Do you know a Laveuve here?"

Salvat shrugged his shoulders; but the little girl could not keep her tongue still: "I say, mamma Théodore, it's p'raps the Philosopher."

"A former house-painter," continued Pierre, "an old man who is ill and past work."

Madame Théodore was at once enlightened. "In that case it's him. We call him the Philosopher, a nickname folks have given him in the neighbourhood. But there's nothing to prevent his real name from being Laveuve."

With one fast raised towards the ceiling, Salvat seemed to be protesting against the abomination of a world and a Providence that allowed old toilers to die of hunger. However, he did not speak, but relapsed into the bitter meditation in which he had been plunged when the priest arrived. He was a journeyman engineer, and gazed obstinately at the table where lay his leather tool-bag, bulging with something it contained—something, perhaps, which he had to take back to a workshop. He might have been thinking of long, enforced idleness, of a vain search for work during the two previous months of that terrible winter. Or, perhaps, it was the coming bloody reprisals of the starvelings that occupied the fiery reverie which set his large, strange, vague blue eyes aglow. All at once he noticed that his daughter had taken up the tool-bag and was trying to open it to see what it might contain. At this he quivered and at last spoke, his voice kindly, yet bitter with sudden emotion, which made him turn pale. "Céline, you must leave that alone. I forbade you to touch my tools," said he; then taking the bag, he deposited it with great precaution against the wall behind him. "And so, madame," asked Pierre, "this man Laveuve lives on this floor?"

"Madame Théodore directed a timid glance at Salvat. She was not in favour of hustling priests, for at times there was a little money to be got from them. And when she realized that Salvat, who had once more relapsed into his reverie, left her free to act, she tendered her services. "If Monsieur l'abbé is agreeable, I will conduct him. It's at the end of the passage. But one must know the way, for there are some steps to climb."

The little girl, who only had a ragged gown of pink cotton stuff about her meagre figure, stood there shivering, her hands covered with chilblains. She raised her delicate face, which looked pretty though nipped by the cold: "Laveuve," said she, "no, don't know." The man did not answer, but opened his anxious eyes, like a scared idiot. The doorkeeper, no doubt, was in the neighbourhood. For a moment the priest waited; then seeing a little girl on the other side of the courtyard, he crossed the quadrangle on tiptoe, and asked: "Do you know an old workman named Laveuve in the house, my child?"

The little girl, who only had a ragged gown of pink cotton stuff about her meagre figure, stood there shivering, her hands covered with chilblains. She raised her delicate face, which looked pretty though nipped by the cold: "Laveuve," said she, "no, don't know." And with the unconscious gesture of a beggar child she put out one of her poor numb and disfigured hands. Then, when the priest had given her a little bit of silver, she began to prance through the shabby buildings as remained, the low-pitched houses and hovels of workmen's dwellings, abodes of suffering in which human cattle were crushed.

After going as far as the Rue Marcatet, Pierre retraced his steps; and in the Rue des Saules he entered the courtyard of a kind of barracks or hospital, encompassed by three irregular buildings. This court was a quagmire, where filth must have accumulated during the two months of terrible frost, and now an abominable stench arose. The buildings were half-falling, the gaping vestibules looked like cellar holes, strips of paper streaked the cracked and filthy window panes, and vile rags hung about. Inside a shanty which served as the doorkeeper's abode Pierre only saw an infirm man rolled up in a tattered strip of what had once been a horse-cloth.

"You have an old workman named Laveuve here," said the priest. "Which staircase is it, which floor?"

The man did not answer, but opened his anxious eyes, like a scared idiot. The doorkeeper, no doubt, was in the neighbourhood. For a moment the priest waited; then seeing a little girl on the other side of the courtyard, he crossed the quadrangle on tiptoe, and asked: "Do you know an old workman named Laveuve in the house, my child?"

When Pierre had installed himself at the table, on the chair previously occupied by Salvat, she went on talking, seeking to excuse her man for his scanty politeness: "He hasn't a bad heart, but he's had so many worries in life that he has become a bit cracked. It's like that young man whom you just saw here, Monsieur l'abbé."

Céline, finding a pastime in this visit, escaped from her father, and likewise accompanied the priest. And Salvat remained alone in that den of poverty and suffering, iniquities and wrath, without a fire, without bread, haunted by his burning dreams, his eyes again fixed upon his bag, as if among his tools he possessed the wherewithal to heal the ailing world.

It indeed proved necessary to climb a few more steps; and then following Madame Théodore and Céline, Pierre found himself in a kind of garret under the roof, a loft a few yards square, where one could not stand erect. There was no window, only a skylight, and as the snow still covered it one had to leave the door wide open in order that one might see. And the thaw was entering the place, the melting snow was falling drop by drop over the tiled floor. And there, lacking even a chair, even a plank, Laveuve lay in a corner on a little pile of filthy rags spread upon the bare floor: he looked like some animal dying on a dung-heaps.

"There!" said Céline in her singing voice, "there he is, that's the Philosopher!"

Madame Théodore had bent down to ascertain if he still lived. "Yes, he breathes; he's sleeping I think. Oh! if he only had something to eat every day, he would be well enough. But he has nobody left him, and when one gets to seventy the best is to throw oneself into the river. In the house-painting line it often happens that a man has to give up working on ladders and scaffolding at fifty. At first he found some work to do on the ground level. Then he was lucky enough to get a job as night watchman. But he's been turned away from everywhere, and for two months he's been lying in this nook waiting to die. The landlord hasn't dared to bring him into the street as yet. We others sometimes bring him a little

wine and a crust, of course; but when one has nothing oneself how can one give to others?"

Pierre, terrified, gazed at that frightful remnant into which fifty years of toil, misery and social injustice, had turned a man. And he ended by distinguishing Laveuve's white, worn, sunken, deformed head. Here, on a human face, appeared all the ruin following upon hopeless labour. Laveuve's unkempt beard straggled over his features, suggesting an old horse that is no longer crooked; his toothless jaws were quite askew, his eyes were rheumy, and his nose seemed to plunge into his mouth.

"Ah! the poor fellow," muttered the shuddering priest. "And he is left to die of hunger without any succour? And not an hospital, not an asylum has given him shelter?"

"Well," resumed Madame Théodore in her sad yet resigned voice, "the hospitals are built for the sick, and he isn't sick, he's simply finishing off, with his strength at an end. Besides he isn't always easy to deal with. People come again only lately to put him in an asylum, but he won't be shut up. And he speaks coarsely to those who question him, not to mention that he has the reputation of liking drink and talking badly about the gentlefolk. But, thank Heaven, he will now soon be delivered."

Pierre had leant forward on seeing Laveuve's eyes open, and he spoke to him tenderly, telling him he had come from a friend with a little money to enable him to buy what he might most pressingly require. At first, on seeing Pierre's cassock, the old man growled some coarse words; but, despite his extreme feebleness, he still retained the pert chaffing spirit of the Parisian artisan: "Come in, come in, Monsieur l'abbé."

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OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

Last week, in the presence of a choice gathering of pianoforte virtuosi and musical critics at a special recital, Bruno Steindel passed triumphantly through the severe ordeal to which his remarkable capacities were subjected. Not only did the wonderful boy play some of the most difficult of pianoforte selections from the scores in a manner little short of perfection, but a new work of florid and complicated style was attacked and performed as fluently and accurately as if he had studied it previous to all possible care.

This most wonderful of all child pianists is already the talk of London, and after being brought into such close observation of his great gifts and charming personality—for he is a joyous, sturdy, mischievous-looking little mite—I think some of his captious critics will find fault no longer, either with his performance or youth. I am glad, however, to hear that as soon as he has made enough by his recitals as a "prodigy" to pay the cost of his musical education he will withdraw from public life for a while.

It took a good deal of persuasion before Herr Seschetinsky would play the other night at Professor Hambourg's "at home," when the famous virtuoso was the guest of the evening. But, when he did begin, after an exquisite rendering of Chopin's *D flat nocturne*, followed by a shower of flowers from his delighted listeners and a cry of "Something of your own," he also gave in a masterly manner 3 of his own most exacting compositions. Miss Katie Goodson, Herr M. Sovensohn, Miss Esther Palliser, and a new American baritone, Mr. Clark, also helped to entertain Professor Hambourg's guests.

I understand that Madame Emma Eames, who did such splendid service during the grand opera season this summer, has just signed a contract with the Covent Garden syndicate to sing next year in London.

The 4th series of British Chamber Music Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Ernest Fowles, commences at Queen's Hall on Tuesday evening next. I am pleased to note that the object for which the concerts were originally instituted—a better hearing of chamber music by British musicians—is to be specially studied during the forthcoming season.

In Paris it appears that there is too much music on Sundays and hardly any on other days of the week. M. Edouard Colonne is therefore going to make a new departure, for he intends, in addition to his regular Sunday entertainments, to give Thursday afternoon concerts at the Nouveau Théâtre.

The Royal Choral Society season will open at the Albert Hall on Thursday, Nov. 11, with "Elijah," and terminate at St. Margaret's by "The Flag of England" and "The Golden Legend." Other works to be performed during the series of 8 concerts are "Messiah," "Creation," "Redemption," Berlioz's "Faust," "The Ruin of Athens," Beethoven's "The Gate of Life," Leoncavallo's "Parsifal," and "The Golden Legend." The additions to the Zoological Society's menagerie during the week ending Oct. 19 include an Egyptian ichneumon, a Cava zorilla, a Besa anteope, 2 Arabian gazelles, a Caffer cat, a red river-hog, a leopard, a white collared mangabey, a banded river-turtle, a Zanzibar antelope, an African buzzard, a chinchilla, a great walaroo, a crested grebe, and a vulpine phalanger.

Mr. L. Wilson, of the Crown and Thistle, St. Peter's, Thanet, has favoured me with the following note:

"Seeing in your last issue an account of a dog collecting money for a charity I have thought the mention of another such dog, which stands outside my house, might be of interest to your readers. He is an Irish terrier, and goes by the name of 'Ruff.' His age is about 16 years, and he is partly blind, yet during last winter he collected 17s. 9d., and in the summer months 21s. 4d., and since the box was last opened about another 2s. These amounts were entirely made up of copper coins. He was presented last year by the committee of the charity for which he collects with a collar with a brass pendant bearing the following inscription:—'Ruff receives donations for the local Philanthropic Association.'"

skip wine and sugar. They finally became so responsive to my voice that the lazy little things would shoot up their tubes through the net for me to feed them without waking at all, until Feb. 25, 1897, when they became quite lively and enjoyed 2 or 3 hours' flight each day in the sunny window."

As my correspondent remarks in her communication, many people think butterflies are very short-lived—merely creatures of the hour. This, however, is not the case, and many species instead of laying their eggs and then dying at the approach of the cold weather get into a torpid state, and remain in that condition until the advent of spring, when they wake and continue their duties of reproduction. These butterflies generally die off towards the end of spring. The species most commonly met with in the winter in a torpid state is the red admiral.

The eyra cat, of which we give a figure, is a scarce animal, and consequently rarely seen in confinement. It is different in shape to all the other



THE EYRA CAT.

cats, and much more resembles a large weasel than a feline animal, having a long thin body on short legs, and a greatly elongated tail. In colouration its fur is of a uniform chestnut brown, and in this respect also it differs from most of its relatives, they having for generally spotted or striped with black or white. The Zoological Society has exhibited in all about 8 specimens of this animal in the gardens. The present example is on view in the small cat's house, where also has been lately placed a specimen of another cat not often seen in captivity, viz., the catter cat.

The native habitat of the eyra cat is South and Central America, where it is found sparsely distributed over the whole of the country. In habit it is decidedly weasel-like, being of a most bloodthirsty disposition, and killing its prey apparently only for the sake of killing. It destroys great numbers of birds and other small animals, and is a most mischievous pest when it takes up its quarters near a hen-roost, often making serious depredations amongst the inmates, and killing many more than it can possibly eat. In captivity it soon becomes tame, and not infrequently specimens have been made pets of, and allowed to roam at will in its domesticated relation. It however, cannot be entirely broken of its thieving propensities, and on this account is not a safe pet.

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THE ACTOR.

I see that a play called "Harold, the last of the Saxons" was produced, or to be produced, this past week, at a provincial theatre. I wonder if we shall ever see upon the stage the play on this subject, which Tennyson wrote and published, but which has never been publicly performed? I believe it would prove exceedingly effective in representation, but it would need to be exceedingly well done, and who will take the risk? Do players go in general take any interest in Harold? I doubt it. Of course they know something, but of Harold next to nothing.

One more Mr. Wilson Barrett says good-bye for a time to London. He has accepted for himself and company an engagement in Australia which will no doubt be profitable. When he returns he is sure to be welcome. The Sign of the Cross has done for him, in the estimation of the present generation of theatre levers, what "The Lights of London" and "The Silver King" did for him with their immediate predecessors. He can be certain of having a following in London, though I should say rather in the provinces, commencing with a

Mr. Eugene d'Albert is touring in the provinces, commencing with a

recital at Brighton.

Miss Leonora Jackson, a young American violinist, has gained the Mendelssohn State prize of 120 marks, competed for at Berlin last month, and closely contested by violinists and pianists of various nationalities.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

As I anticipated in our last issue the pelican which recently escaped from Kew Gardens has come to an untimely end at the hands of a man with a gun on an estate at Brightling, as I learn from a cutting from the "Sussex Express," kindly forwarded by a correspondent. It does seem a pity that some people who carry guns cannot learn to make better use of them than to shoot down everything uncommon that comes in their way. A little thought on the part of the man who shot the bird will peacefully die in the lake on the estate.

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While on the subject of escaped

birds I might mention that the speci-

men of the great black wood-pecker

recently acquired by the Zoological

Society unfortunately got out of its

case in the gardens last week, and is

still at large. It is to be hoped that

this bird will not meet the same fate

as the Kew Gardens' pelican, but that

instead of shooting it every endeavour

be made to capture it, and return it

to the Zoo. It is probable that this

bird is the only specimen of its species

alive in England.

I have received the following note

from a correspondent of Leicester:

"My 2 tortoise-shell butterflies slept during the

winter of 1896 with an occasional wake

up, when I fed them with weak cow-

pea, when I fed them with weak cow-

pea wine and sugar. They finally became so responsive to my voice that the lazy little things would shoot up their tubes through the net for me to feed them without waking at all, until Feb. 25, 1897, when they became quite lively and enjoyed 2 or 3 hours' flight each day in the sunny window."

As my correspondent remarks in her communication, many people think butterflies are very short-lived—merely creatures of the hour. This, however, is not the case, and many species instead of laying their eggs and then dying at the approach of the cold weather get into a torpid state, and remain in that condition until the advent of spring, when they wake and continue their duties of reproduction. These butterflies generally die off towards the end of spring. The species most commonly met with in the winter in a torpid state is the red admiral.

The competition in aid of the Anglers' Benevolent Society, which comes off at Windsor on Sunday, Oct. 31, promises to be a big affair. There are likely to be some 500 competitors, and the prizes offered are very numerous. The competitors go by special train, leaving Paddington at 5.30 a.m., and start from the Crown and Cushion, High-st., Eton, where the weighing also takes place. Mr. Bon Abrahams, 25 Silver-st., Notting Hill, has the arrangements in hand.

Do not forget that "The Tempest" is to be done at the Mansion House on the 2nd prox. under the auspices of the Elizabethan Stage Society. It will be treated as a "masque"—that is to say, represented (as I gather) practically without scenery. Yet there can be no doubt that it was originally performed with a good deal—an unusual amount—of scenic effect. The Elizabethan Stage Society does very interesting things, and players should find out who is the treasurer, and support it in the most practical and efficacious of all ways.

Mr. John Coleman, I read, is going to take part in the performance of his new play, "The Soggarth Aroon," which is to be brought out shortly in the country. It is quite a long time since he trod the boards. He bears his years very lightly, and has, I hope, a long spell of work before him. Though he belongs, chronologically, to the old school, he is by no means old-fashioned, his style being marked indeed by quietness and a temperance exceedingly modern. I am not sure that his method would not be all the better for a little more robustness.

OLD IZAK.

The Thames is excessively low and bright; the weeds are still thick, and there is little stream, a condition of things that will last until we get an entire change of weather. Geduneon fishing appears the most practicable sport at the moment, and Milbourne, writing from Molesey, says these dainty fish run large, and may be caught there in any quantity.

The four offenders made off, and the capture was only effected at London Bridge. We shall probably be rid of the case.

The Clerkenwell and district clubs pay a "visit" to the Phoenix Anglers at the Crown, Pancras-rd., N.W., on Wednesday, Oct. 27. That there will be a full house goes without saying.

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He who would wear a watch two things must do. Pocket his watch and watch his pocket too.

It strikes me very forcibly that somebody is trying very hard to take our character away. When I say our, I mean all of us who live in South London. For a long time past news paper paragraphs in certain papers have had such headings as "A Reign of Terror in the Borough," "Another Outrage in the Blackfriars-rd.," "Watch-snatching in Southwark," &c.

Last week a conference of delegates from South London vestries was held to call public attention to the matter. It was stated that "the agitation has been steadily increasing for the past year. The recent desperate assaults in Blackfriars-rd., the frequent watch-snatching and highway robberies, the pilfering from shops, &c., have stimulated the leading ratepayers to complain to the authorities."

All this is bad enough, but "the last straw" appeared in an evening paper on Tuesday, which told its readers that "Benin City had become so civilised that it is safe for anyone to move about without escort. So that Benin is really a quieter place to live in than the Borough."

Now, as everybody knows, or ought to know (if they know anything about London), if a man minds his own business, and keeps himself to himself, he can live just as quietly in Southwark or Lambeth as he could in Brixton. Of course, I know many of those who live round here are very poor, and some of them very rough, but they are not half so black as some people are trying to paint them.

When you "take your walks abroad" in Southwark or Lambeth, the New Cut, Union-st., or any of the streets round about the Borough, you don't expect to meet with Sunday school teachers or curates, or to run up against gentlemen in kid gloves, collars, or cuffs; but, as a rule, you will get treated with quite as much civility as you would be in Regent-st. or Piccadilly—and, although some of them are pretty rough with their own wives, I would sooner trust a daughter of mine out late at night round about here than I would at the West-end.

It was stated at the conference that communications had been made to the Home Secretary and the Chief Commissioner of Police, and very unsatisfactory replies were received. I suppose they were told that crimes and misdemeanours of all kinds have been rather below the average in South London during the last 12 months. It is the old, old tale—in fact they told it themselves when they said "the agitation has been steadily increasing for the past year." It is the agitation that has increased, not the lawlessness.

As far as the watch-snatching is concerned, the only wonder to my mind is that there is not more of it. There is scarcely a night passes but what I see gentlemen, evidently strangers to this part of the town (some of them not quite so sober as they might be), wandering about without any aim or object except sightseeing, with in almost every case a big gold watch chain all across the "manly chest." As soon as they see a crowd they crush right into it, never thinking of even buttoning up their coat, with the natural result that the next time they want to know the time they have to "ask a policeman."

They can all say what they like, and write what they like about South London. All I know is that, although any other part of the City would suit me just as well, I prefer Southwark to anywhere else; and, if I could not live here, I would move into Lambeth, and I can assure you nobody likes peace and quietness more than I do, and while, of course, we could do with more police protection, there are lots of places where they require it far more than we do.

MR. WHEELER.

An engineer of some prominence, Professor Goodman, has been lecturing upon cycling and cycle construction. Some of the professor's deductions are extremely interesting to wheelfolk. Comparing a bicycle to a locomotive, he found that the rolling resistance of a train on a railway. Another interesting point was the question of air resistance. When a cyclist is leaning over his handle-bars it is 5 to 6 per cent. less when he affects a perfectly upright position. Personally I would rather put up with 5 per cent. of extra air resistance than the hump-backed scorchers.

I am very glad to hear that at last the National Cyclists' Union are taking up the question of road racing. That they have shut their eyes to this curse of the pastime for so long is most regrettable. The position of the union is a peculiar one, inasmuch as it depends largely upon the support of clubs who are themselves offenders in this matter. Considering the recent state of affairs at Reigate, it was bad enough that Neasden should have made an attempt upon the Brighton and back record but only last week 2 other commercial travellers for the bicycle and tyre trades broke the tandem record between the metropolis and the queen of watering-places. I have harped so much upon this subject that I fear to tire my readers by referring to it again, but the fact that, despite all the recent outcry, 2 riders should

again have raced over the course timed by an official of the Road Record Association, would still seem to show that cyclists themselves are their greatest enemies.

In some parts of Lancashire it appears to be the custom among the labouring classes for the bridegroom to pay for the wedding breakfast as well as for the wedding ring. The other day, at Preston, the mother of a bride who had provided the nuptial feast actually sued her son-in-law for its cost, but the court gave the case in the defendant's favour. For my part, I should not be sorry to see these nuptial hostilities abolished among the working classes, as has already taken place among the well-to-do. In many cases, the money thus wasted would come in most usefully to give the couple a good start in double harness.

WILL WORKMAN.

He who would wear a watch two things must do. Pocket his watch and watch his pocket too.

It strikes me very forcibly that somebody is trying very hard to take our character away. When I say our, I mean all of us who live in South London. For a long time past news paper paragraphs in certain papers have had such headings as "A Reign of Terror in the Borough," "Another Outrage in the Blackfriars-rd.," "Watch-snatching in Southwark," &c.

Last week a conference of dele-

gates from South London vestries was held to call public attention to the matter. It was stated that "the agita-

tion has been steadily increasing for the past year. The recent desperate

assaults in Blackfriars-rd., the frequent

watch-snatching and highway

robberies, the pilfering from

shops, &c., have stimulated the leading

ratepayers to complain to the au-

thorities."

Last week I chanced to be abroad on

wheels several times during the week.

My rides took me round the neighbour-

hoods of Norwood, Wimbledon, Esher, Walton, and Staines. I men-

tion these various places because during

TALK OF THE PEOPLE.

The 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders, which has so greatly distinguished itself in Africiland, used to be known as "the 73rd, or Stirlingshire Regiment." It has a splendid record as a hard fighting corps, especially when almost impregnable positions have to be captured. Early in the Indian Mutiny, the 73rd, at the battle of Bucee-ke-soral, rushed a battery of 7 guns which was decimating our troops, and took every piece, single-handed. The corps also played a conspicuous part in storming Arabi's entrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir, and later on it acquitted itself splendidly in the Sudan. Still more recently, at the beginning of the Chitral campaign, the 1st Gordon Highlanders won immortal glory by storming the terrible Malakand Pass.

At all the by-elections which are now in progress it seems to be the great object of the Radical speakers to show that everything which has been done for the country by the Unionists was first thought of by a Radical. It is not true, but that doesn't matter. I feel no particular gratitude to the man who suggests that I ought to live in the better house than I do, but I have a considerable affection for the man who presents me with the fee-simple of such a residence. Look at it for yourselves, you working men. Both sides want your votes, and I see no reason why you should have any sentimental partiality for either. Both make many promises, and, doubtless, both mean all they say. But the Unionists alone have both the will and the power to fulfil them, and almost all you have had come from the party now in office. Can you hesitate how to vote?

Every impartial man will hope that the engineers and their employers may be able to accept the intervention of the Board of Trade. Sooner or later the dispute must be settled, and why not earlier, before the trade is driven away from the country and the wives and children are starved? The board will be at least a thoroughly impartial arbitrator, and the responsibility resting on the side which rejects its good offices will be overwhelming. We have had sixteen weeks of fighting, and the damage, one way and another, is well over a million of money. Surely this is enough, or must we wait till the trade has left the country for ever?

How long is Mr. Chamberlain going to allow the Boers to destroy the unhappy South African piecemeal by the sale of drink? We betrayed the poor people to the Transvaal and tried to save our conscience by a Convention which prohibited the sale of liquor to them. There were then fifteen cantines and hotels at which these unfortunate wrecks could poison themselves with the spirits which, to the black men, are as deadly as strychnine. There are now thirty, all licensed by this very Republic which promised to prevent the sale of liquor to the natives, and Mr. Chamberlain does nothing but address mild remonstrances to the Boers which do not produce the slightest result, and never will do.

It is very sad that the leader of the French Abyssinian Expedition should have been killed by the kick of a mule. Nevertheless, if the result were to be that the Expedition itself came to an untimely end, we in this country might have good reason to bless that insubordinate animal. The object of the expedition is to seize Tassoda and Sobat, in the valley of the Upper Nile, and so prevent us from obtaining that control over the great interway which is vital to our rising African Empire. The Power which holds the Upper Nile can not only exercise irresistible pressure upon Egypt, but can bar the only possible track between Northern and Southern Africa. That Power must be England.

It is rather a risky thing to make accusations which you say you can prove, because somebody may ask you to do it. It is so much better to hint suspicion, and leave the grounds to be discovered by somebody else. This, at least, is what must be occurring to Mr. Thomas Farrow, now that his controversy with Sir Alfred Hickman is at an end. His first statement was that he could give the names of fourteen firms of iron-masters in the Black Country who practised what is really usury towards their workmen. Sir Alfred challenged him to produce the names. Mr. Farrow would do nothing unless his opponent would consent to give £1,000 to charity if he were wrong. Sir Alfred promptly consented, provided his opponent would accept the same conditions. Mr. Farrow has done nothing but back out ever since, and has neither consented to the wager nor withdrawn his accusations. He now leaves the public to draw its "own conclusions as to the accuracy of his statements." It will

I see that the German Emperor has once more been glorifying the memory of his grandfather. It is rather a significant fact that, though the name of that stout old warrior is always on his lips, he seems almost to have forgotten that it is his own father ever reigned at all. William was a man of war, while Frederick thought only of the peaceful development of the Empire to which he succeeded. It is no small indication of the direction in which the present Kaiser's thoughts turn that the memory of the first should apparently be much more sacred to him than that of the second.

WIDE AWAKE.

The funeral of Fireman Harland took place this week at Ilford Cemetery. Large crowds witnessed the procession, and numerous wreaths were sent by his comrades and friends. Commander Wells was present.

A comical name, James Rolf, committed suicide at Sutton, Surrey, yesterday, by cutting his throat. Rolf, who had been suffering from influenza for about a week, had been in the force over 10 years.

LATEST ELECTRIC FLASHES.

HOME.

Geo. Bartholomew was found guilty at Sheffield of assaulting Emily Peel. Prisoner is a joiner, and whilst at prosecutrix's house doing some repairs committed the offence. —1 month.

Jas. Shawcross, labourer, was committed for trial at Bury on a charge of attempting to murder his wife. It was alleged that he attacked the woman with an iron chisel.

The electric tramcar service in Leeds had to be suspended, the men having ceased work as a protest against their wages being stopped owing to a breakdown last Sunday and Monday, caused by the depot getting out of order.

The stokers at the Heywood Gas Works came out on strike because of the dismissal of one of the men for an alleged breach of discipline. The matter was afterwards settled, and the men resumed work.

A married woman named Currier, of Mill Head, Staines, received serious injury to her head and face by the explosion of a preparation she was using as a hair-wash. She is reported to be in a critical condition.

Mr. Mowbray, the well-known ecclesiastical publisher of Oxford, was found dead in his bath-room last evening. There was a strong escape of gas in the room at the time, and it is believed deceased was suffocated.

At Chesterfield, Mary Stubbs was remanded on a charge of attempting to commit suicide by hanging. It was stated that the woman had a strong objection to her husband. She was sent down only just in time to save her life.

At South Cerney, a station between Cheltenham and Cirencester, Mrs. Eels, wife of a P.C., while bidding farewell to some friends was thrown between the platform and the foot-board as the train moved on. She was picked up unconscious and much bruised.

George Howard, grocer, was summoned for cruelty to his wife, who said defendant had struck her on the face, jammed her head behind a sofa, thrown her out of bed, and felled her with his fist. Once he tried to hang himself and she cut him down. —Separation order and £1 per week.

Richard Caesar and Wm. Thomas, labourers, were committed to the assizes at Chester on a charge of stealing a horse from a field at Wiven. Prisoners, it is alleged, sold the animal at Warrington for £5 5s and divided the money. Thomas spent his share in a trip to London.

At Wednesbury, John Birks was remanded, charged with committing a violent assault upon John Grainger, landlord of the Spread Eagle Inn. A number of men went into the house, during which it was alleged prisoner attacked Grainger in a savage manner, causing him serious injuries.

Robert Head died in Dover Hospital yesterday. He had slept in a loft over some stables, and on the carters going to work in the morning he was found terribly injured under the horse's feet. He is believed to have walked in his sleep and fallen down the ladder.

A boatman named Gordon picked up on the beach at Walmer a packet of 50 letters addressed to Dublin, and bearing the date of Dec. 21, 1894. The postal authorities, to whom they have been handed for delivery, express the opinion that the letters have recently been washed out of a mail bag from a wrecked steamer.

A young man called at 47, Henry-st., South Shields, to see his father, Thos. E. Robson, electrical draughtsman, and was shocked to find his body lying in the fire-place. Deceased, who was 77, had apparently drawn the sofa close to the fire and been seized with a fit. His hands were almost burnt away.

The body of a respectably-dressed woman was washed ashore in the River Medway at Upnor, Chatham, yesterday, and was identified as that of Charlotte Jane Packham. Deceased was the wife of a P.C. belonging to the Kent county force stationed at Hawkhurst, and had been on a visit to friends in the neighbourhood of Chatham.

FOREIGN.

The Duchess of Saxe-Altenburg died yesterday afternoon. —REUTER.

A complete tranquillity now reigns in the whole of the Guatemalan Republic. —REUTER.

The Siamese yacht Mahachakri has sailed from Gibraltar for Naples, where the King of Siam will embark on his return to Bangkok.

All the vessels of the British Squadron under Rear-admiral Harris, except the Dryad, left Alexandria yesterday. —REUTER.

AMERICAN MARKETS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—Wheat closed easy at previous closing rates. Flours steady. Corn easy, unchanged, to 10s. down. Card-wax, unchanged, to 10s. down. Cotton barely steady, to 7s. 7d. down. Sugar quiet. Tin quiet. Iron steady. Copper quiet. —AT CHICAGO: Wheat strong, steady, to 10s. advance. Corn steady, to 10s. fall. Provisions weak. Lard 10 to 10s. lower. Pork 10s. to 10s. down. Riba 2 to 10s. lower. Sheep 10s. Bacon steady. Hogs steady and unchanged.

—AT NEW YORK: Gold 10s. 10d. down.

—AT LONDON: Gold 10s. 10d. down. Call money, other securities, 2 per cent. nom. Call money, other securities, 2 per cent. nom. Exchange on London, 60 days' sight, 4.82. Cable Transfers, 4.85; Exchange on Paris, 60 days' sight, 5.21; Ditto Berlin, 60s. 94 1/4; Four per cent. United States Fund, Registered Bonds, 113; United States Fund, 100s. 94 1/2; United States, 100s. 94 1/2; Copper and Santa Fe Shares, 13; Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, Four per cent. Bonds, 86; Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Second Mortgage Bonds, A.29; Baltimore and Ohio, 14; Baltimore and Ohio S.W. Four-and-a-half per cent., at Baltimore, 88; Canada Southern, 50; Canadian Pacific, 100; Central Pacific, 161; Chesapeake and Ohio, 200; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, 91; Chicago and N.W. Ordinary, 124; Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Common, 86; Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, 87; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, 100; Colorado and Western, 155; Denver and Rio Grande Common, 12; Denver and Rio Grande Preferred, 66; East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia 2nd Preferred, —; Illinois Central, 102; Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, 71; Louisville and Nashville, 50; Michigan Central, 100; Miss. Central, 100; Texas, 12; Missouri Pacific, 30; New York, Lake Erie, and Western, —; New York, Lake Erie, and Western 2nd Mortgage Bonds, —; New York Central and Hudson River, —; New York and New England, —; New York, New Haven, and Hartford, 100; Pacific, 184; Northern Pacific Preferred, 51; Norfolk and Western Preferred, 43; Ohio and Mississippi, —; Pennsylvania Shares, at Philadelphia, 57; Philadelphia and Reading, 24; Southern Railway, 10; Southern Pacific, 23; Southern Pacific, 23; Watson, 18; Western Pacific Common, 71; Western, 18; Western Pacific Preferred, 19; Manhattan elevated, 102.

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YESTERDAY'S
LAW AND POLICE.

Lord Mayor's Court.

TRAVELLERS' NOTICES. Mr. Thomas Chiswell, commercial traveller, sued Mr. James Stringer, trading as Lindsay and Co., importers of French trimmings, Gutter-lane, Cheapside, for damages for wrongful dismissal. Plaintiff said he was engaged in March last at £200 a year and 14 per cent. commission on all orders obtained from new customers in the West End for 6 months. At the end of that time defendants gave him a month's notice. He now contended that the custom in the City was for commercial travellers with a 6 months' agreement to have 3 months' notice, and in some cases, 6 months, or a "season's" notice. Defendant had put a month's salary into court, and also an amount for commission, making altogether £17 5s. 10d.—Mr. Glyn, defendant's counsel, pleaded that this was a contract for over a year, and therefore, under the statute of frauds, a quarter's notice could not be insisted upon or recovered.—His lordship decided that this did not come within the statute of frauds, and that therefore plaintiff was entitled to notice.—Mr. Glyn intimated that he should take the opinion of a higher court, as all contracts for more than a year must be in writing, or they could not be sued upon. Plaintiff got another engagement on Aug. 4, and yet he claimed 3 months' salary from defendants, although he did not do a stroke of work for them.—The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff for £50, less the amount paid into court, and the £12 10s. earned by plaintiff, or £20 6s. 2d. beyond the amount paid into court.

Middlesex County Sessions.

(Before Mr. R. M. Little, Q.C.)

CRIME IN MIDDLESEX

The calendar contained the names of 40 prisoners, the largest number ever included in one session, but 5 were for sentence only and 6 were indicted on remand under the Betting Act, so that only 29 had actually been sent for trial, a small decrease on previous sessions. The courts had been thoroughly disinfected, owing to the Maidstone magistrates having held sessions in them 2 days in

KEMPTON PARK BETTING.

Richard S. Fry, Charles Hibbert, John Edge, Joseph Baylis, Thomas Hills, and Julius Simon were indicted for using a certain place at Kempton Park Racecourse for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto. The case was adjourned since July, pending the decision in the case of Hawk v. Dunn.—Mr. Little, addressing the Grand Jury, said he should direct them to return "no bill," as during the remand it had been held in a higher court that there could be no conviction under such an indictment. Some gentlemen were disinfected with that decision, and had sent round a circular asking that it might be disregarded on the ground that previous decisions in criminal cases were to the contrary effect. He had no intention, for his part, to run against the Court of Appeal.—The jury returned "no bill," and prisoners were discharged.

HEAVY SENTENCE.

Joseph Nolan, 27, clerk, was charged with burglary.—Mrs. Morgan, of "Llanberis," Hazlemere-rd., Crouch Hill, went to Cromer and left her house unprotected. Her husband had just been buried, having been killed on the railway. A burglary was discovered to have taken place at the house. P.C. Hewitt, 44, was left to watch. He heard noises during the night, and at daylight he saw a man on the roof, hiding in a chimney stack. He blew his whistle, and P.C. Root. They then had a ladder against the house, which the officers mounted and caught the prisoner before he could get beyond the roof of the next house. He was brought to the ground, and secured. In the gutters of the house were found a diamond ring, false teeth, rosaries, a crucifix, and many other articles, afterwards identified by Mrs. Morgan's maid. A ticket-of-leave was found torn up and rammed under the slate.—Previous convictions were 3 months, 18 months, and 7 years (with about a year to run), for burglary.—7 years' penal servitude, and to complete his unexpired term.

TO HEAR THE MUSIC.

Wm. Herring, 21, labourer, and Geo. Weston, 29, labourer, were indicted for burglary.—P.C. Hall and Tester, Y Division, watched prisoners at Crouch End wall, and saw them to a shop in Topsfield-parade. They forced the door and went in. They eventually saw them moving about in the dwelling-house portion of the premises with a light. They afterwards crept on to a back verandah and descended to the yard. Hall and Tester scaled the wall and captured a man. They became very violent, but quieted down on sight of the truncheons, one remarking, "It's fair cop. I'll go quickly."—Prisoners told the Highgate Bench they had no belligerent intention. They merely went through the house to hear the music at the new Queen's Opera House.—Nothing was stolen.—Prisoners now repeated that they were only in the house for the purpose of hearing the music.—Acquitted. (Before Mr. Montagu Sharp.)

AN OLD SOLDIER.

Walter Harris, 22, stoker, was indicted for burglary.—Prisoner had been employed at a laundry at Kilburn, and in consequence of a communication one night P.C.s Rogers and Fraser went to the laundry with Sergt. Harding, and after hiding on the premises some time they saw prisoners there, and flashed a light on him. He managed to escape, but Det.-supt. Turner, X Division, arrested him some hours after in bed. His clothes lay on the floor, and were, like himself, covered with coal dust. An entry had been made through the coal shoot. Prisoner was lighting a match near the safe when alarmed. Nothing was stolen.—Turner said prisoner had been tried by court-martial for desertion from the Army, from which he was eventually discharged for misconduct—12 months.

BREAKING A P.C.'S RIBS.

John Fenn, 22, labourer, pleaded guilty to assaulting P.C.s Peacock and Baker.—There was a street row, and Peacock had to take one of prisoner's friends to the station, when Fenn struck him a violent blow on the nose, which incapacitated him from duty for 17 days. Fenn then ran off, but P.C. Baker followed and arrested him. Fenn struck him a violent blow, and Baker then drew his truncheon, but prisoner closed with him, and threw him to the ground and kicked him violently in the groin; he then ran off. He was arrested subsequently, and Baker's ribs were so seriously injured that he was incapacitated for a month and a half.

HIS SUNDAY WAISTCOAT.

Andy Connor, 44, labourer, was indicted for stealing a waistcoat and other articles, the property of Jacob Abbott, an old man, living at Whitstone.—Prisoner entered the house, locked himself in and having searched it, left with prosecutor.—Prisoner was found guilty, and Warder Cheterton deposed that there were 12 previous convictions, 2 of them for burglary.—2 years.

Marblebone.

A DISOWNED FATHER. William Fischer, a German, described

as a compositor, with no fixed abode, was charged with using threats towards Edward William Kingdom, and others.—Mr. Haynes, for the prosecution, explained that his client was an honorary major in the Queen's Westminster and a stockbroker, residing at Westbourne Park.—Prisoner was supposed to be indirectly related to his wife. For some time past it seemed that he had been persistently annoyed by prisoner, who threatened, sometimes by word of mouth, but more frequently by letter, to expose him to Sir H. Vincent, colonel of his regiment, and others of his friends, and also made base accusations against his wife. Prosecutor read several letters written to him by prisoner in German. In these letters he complained that he had been cheated, and that his heart was breaking, and vowed he would go to prison. "I will," he continued, "go to the Criminal Investigation Department. How dare you say I am not my father? Your misery is your fault. You shall have your reward. No more mercy. I will retaliate. The father who helped himself to his own is a repudiated. No answer, and I shall proceed." Witness said he did not acknowledge accused as his father.—Law.—Accused, in his defence, said this family quarrel arose through his daughter taking a false statement on her marriage.—A daughter of accused explained that her sister (Mrs. Kingdom) had disowned her father. To her servant she described him as her "beggar father," but what aggravated him more was that she passed him in her carriage, and took no notice of him, and even refused him a crust of bread. Bound over in his own recognisances in £50, and 2 surrenders in £25, for 12 months.

Marlborough-street.

BAD HOUSE.

Edwin Knight, 34, alias John Williams, "refreshment house-keeper," and Edith Howard, 24, alias Louise Williams, "domestic servant," were charged on a warrant with keeping 13, Percy-st., Tottenham Court-rd., as a bad house.—Mr. Ricketts, who prosecuted on behalf of the vestry of St. Pancras, said that the house in question had been of a notoriously bad character for some years past, and the former proprietors had been frequently prosecuted. It was formerly called the "Albion Hotel," but the name was altered, and it was now known as the "Arundel Hotel." Complaints as to its character had been received by the police, as well as by the vestry.—Insp. Sutherland, D Division, gave evidence of arrest.—Other police evidence having been given, the male prisoner said in defence that he had only had the house since July, and had conducted it as a respectable hotel.—Mr. Hannay said the case was not a bad one, and nobody, unless they had "poked their nose" into the affair, would have known there was anything wrong.—Male prisoner fined £10 and £5s. costs, and the woman £5 without costs.

CARRIAGE THIEF.

Arthur Elton, 37, carpenter, was charged with stealing from a carriage at Buntington Gardens on Friday evening, a silk parasol, belonging to Mrs. Holland, of 57, Colgate Gardens.—Alfred Root, groom to the prisoner, running, and heard shouts of "Stop thief!" He ran after accused, and succeeded in capturing him in Sackville-st. Root handed him over to P.C. Tyler, who took him to the police station—2 months' hard labour.

Westminster.

WOMAN CHARGED WITH STABBING. Eliza Dowling, 41, of College-st., Chelsea, was charged with stabbing 3d. from the person of Frank Judge, a fitter with a sawing machine, at P.C. 118 B with stabbing him in the face with a pair of scissors.—The man had had a number of cuts on their faces which had been surgically treated.—Judge stated that on the previous evening prisoner spoke to him in a Brompton-rd. public-house. He gave her drink, and she put her hands in his waistcoat pocket, and took out 3d. Then accused her of robbing him, and gave her into the custody of a policeman. Finding the latter had some difficulty with her, he went to his assistance, and was stabbed by prisoner several times in the face, as also was the constable. Eventually another officer arrived, and accused was taken to the station.—Remanded.

North London.

FATHER ASSAULTED. Alfred Willmott, 30, porter, and Reuben Gorion, 19, porter, giving different addresses in Dibb-rd., Homerton, were charged with having been concerned together in violently assaulting Edwin James Gordon.—Insp. Cann said prosecutor was in the infirmary in a precarious condition, having been severely hurt about the head.—P.C. 206 G said at 7.15 on Friday evening prosecutor came to his home, and he went to his assistance, and was stabbed by prisoner several times in the face, as also was the constable. Eventually another officer arrived, and accused was taken to the station.—Remanded.

George Elliott.

George Elliott, 34, described as a traveller, of Bird-in-Bush-rd., Peckham, was charged on remand with obtaining money by false pretences, under circumstances already reported in "The People." He was sentenced to 3 months' hard labour.

Lambeth.

REVOLVER NUISANCE. John Bynas, 23, "waiter," was charged with being drunk and disorderly, and further with having a revolver in his possession without a license.—P.C. 328 L said he was in Newington Butte about midnight when he was called to prisoner, who was drunk and behaving in a disorderly manner, flourishing a revolver. Witness seized hold of the revolver, and prisoner exclaimed, "It won't shoot you. There is no cartridge in it." The revolver had not been loaded, and prisoner had no cartridges in his possession, 2d., and 7s. 6d. (doctor's fee), or 14 days.

Croydon.

RESULT OF BETTING. Chas. Henry Cox, 33, carman, no home, was charged with embezzling 1s. 9d. received by him on behalf of Messrs. Maples' porter, John Tilley, foreman at the Merton Croft depot, stated that on Sept. 22, prisoner was about to deliver a bedsheet at Merton-rd., Addiscombe, for which he was to receive 1s. 9d. He had accounted for the money.—Mrs. Kent deposition gave the receipt (produced). Det.-supt. Bex, W Division, said on Friday he found prisoner in custody at Paddington, where he had given himself up. When told he would be charged with embezzling 1s. 9d., he replied, "Yes, it is quite right; that's why I gave myself up. I have had 2d. less, altogether. It is through breaking horses and letting accounts run one over the other."—Mr. R. Whittington, clerk to Messrs. Maples' said prisoner had been 12 months in their employ, and had hitherto behaved well. The major part of the 2d odd was embezzled on Oct. 8.—2 months.

Desperate Struggle.

Charles Tibal, 24, wheelwright, St. Peter's-st., Croydon, was charged, on remand, with assaulting P.C. D. D. W. by striking him on the nose and kicking him on the stomach.—Sergeant Tibal said he was on duty, and asked him to treat him. He did so, after which accused called him for name, and then accused to put her "bully" out to him. Witness came out of the house, and Tibal followed. She stabbed him on the right side of the face with a sharp instrument. He fell to the ground, and found himself bleeding. Later on he gave information of the affair, and a description of prisoner to the police. Witness was quite sober,

Thames.

CHARGE OF STABBING. Ade Chandler, 23, was charged with maliciously wounding Walter Gibbs, of Blyth-rd., Stratford.—Prosecutor deposed that he was a dealer, and knew accused by sight. About 11 p.m. on Friday he was in the Plough public-house, Mile End-rd. Prisoner was also there, and asked him to treat him. He did so, after which accused called him for name, and then accused to put her "bully" out to him. Witness came out of the house, and Tibal followed. She stabbed him on the right side of the face with a sharp instrument. He fell to the ground, and found himself bleeding. Later on he gave information of the affair, and a description of prisoner to the police. Witness was quite sober,

Marblebone.

A DISOWNED FATHER. William Fischer, a German, described

as a compositor, with no fixed abode, was charged with using threats towards Edward William Kingdom, and others.—Mr. Haynes, for the prosecution, explained that his client was an honorary major in the Queen's Westminster and a stockbroker, residing at Westbourne Park.—Prisoner was supposed to be indirectly related to his wife. For some time past it seemed that he had been persistently annoyed by prisoner, who threatened, sometimes by word of mouth, but more frequently by letter, to expose him to Sir H. Vincent, colonel of his regiment, and others of his friends, and also made base accusations against his wife. Prosecutor read several letters written to him by prisoner in German. In these letters he complained that he had been cheated, and that his heart was breaking, and vowed he would go to prison. "I will," he continued, "go to the Criminal Investigation Department. How dare you say I am not my father? Your misery is your fault. You shall have your reward. No more mercy. I will retaliate. The father who helped himself to his own is a repudiated. No answer, and I shall proceed." Witness said he did not acknowledge accused as his father.—Law.—Accused, in his defence, said this family quarrel arose through his daughter taking a false statement on her marriage.—A daughter of accused explained that her sister (Mrs. Kingdom) had disowned her father. To her servant she described him as her "beggar father," but what aggravated him more was that she passed him in her carriage, and took no notice of him, and even refused him a crust of bread. Bound over in his own recognisances in £50, and 2 surrenders in £25, for 12 months.

TOO MUCH WORRIED.

Martha Olsen was charged with attempting to commit suicide. Early in September defendant was charged with stabbing her husband with a dagger, but after 5 demands was discharged. The magistrate of opinion that the woman's version of the affair was correct.—P.C. 71 K.R. said on Friday night he saw defendant in a rifle in Surrey-st., Croydon, on Oct. 8. The injured man, who was now able to attend the court for the first time, stated that he was shot by defendant while he was larking in a shooting gallery. He did not think defendant knew the rifle was loaded. He and defendant were the best of terms, and Olsen had visited him in the hospital.—Dr. Dennis, in asking for the discharge of defendant, informed the bench that the shooting gallery had been closed. The bench considered these shooting galleries most dangerous places which ought not to be allowed to exist, especially near a highway.—Prisoner was discharged.

SHOOTING DANGER.

Fredk. Weller, 16, fishmonger's assistant, Scarbrook Hill, Croydon, was charged on remand with unlawfully and maliciously inflicting grievous bodily harm upon Geo. Benson by shooting him in the side with a rifle in Surrey-st., Croydon, on Oct. 8. The injured man, who was now able to attend the court for the first time, stated that he was shot by defendant while he was larking in a shooting gallery. He did not think defendant knew the rifle was loaded. He and defendant were the best of terms, and Olsen had visited him in the hospital.—Dr. Dennis, in asking for the discharge of defendant, informed the bench that the shooting gallery had been closed. The bench considered these shooting galleries most dangerous places which ought not to be allowed to exist, especially near a highway.—Prisoner was discharged.

DEATH IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

Frank Lowes, 44, greengrocer, Baldwin-st., City-rd., and William Spicer, 42, "commission agent," Calabria-rd., Highbury, were charged as permitting a room at 10, Baldwin-st., of which he was the occupier, to be used for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto, and Spicer with using the same.—Supt. Hammond, G Division, introduced the commissioner's order under which, shortly before 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon, he with several officers raided the premises, finding Spicer in a room with a betting book, a sporting paper, a large number of slips of paper relating to betting, some racing cards, and Spicer himself had a considerable amount in gold and silver in his possession.—Mr. Margetts, for the defence, said he would reserve the cross-examination until the case was gone into.—Remanded. Lowes in £50 bail, and Spicer in £100.

Worship-street.

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